

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMERS AND MECHANICS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET: WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

VOL. 9.

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37. No paper sent for a term less than six months.

37. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor at Boston.

37. Advertising on reasonable terms.

AGRICULTURE.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.

The weather continues exceedingly wet—food after flood washes away much of the soil in tillage land and is injurious to the soil as well as to the present crops. We have not had so wet a season in Massachusetts for thirty years past, and though vegetable growth of all kinds has been rank and large, the real intrinsic value of produce of every description is less than in drier summers.

Much hay has been lost by bad harvest weather and by floods on meadows; and the quality of much that has been saved is inferior. Hay will not go so far as that which has grown in dry weather and has acquired before cutting a good coating of gum.

Cattle have had an abundance of feed in the pastures, but the feed is not saved as in most sunny summers, and they yield a less quantity of cream though the quantity of milk may be greater. Apples and peaches seem plenty enough, but peaches are not rich or large, and apples are not so good as when we have had a more dry atmosphere.

When these events happen, we at the North must grow our own grain and not depend on the new grounds of the West, or the cotton grounds of the South. We must grow flax, and hemp, and wool, for our own supply, and leave to commerce to deal in articles that cannot be produced in the public eye.

But the time is coming when Western farmers will learn to make their own sheep out of the lambs that come from their own farm stock—and Southern planters will learn to make their clover out of the cotton produced on their own plantations.

One such event will end all its offspring.

One such struck us at that instant, and cut the root and left, and cut off all the offspring by hand, such as a nest of the copper in the nest of the peacock which a field gnat had struck him in the head.

One such will end all its offspring.

One such will end all

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

William Backmister, Editor.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 14, 1850.

Please notice that being obliged to surrender our room in Quincy Hall to the "Committee" during the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, we have procured an office for a few weeks at No. 36 South Market Street, nearly opposite the entrance to our former office.

Subscribers will please call and see us there.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, September 12.

On Tuesday morning I took the cars at Framingham for Springfield—fare \$2.10—dined at the American House, and arrived there 45 minutes. Then went in the train to Hartford—fare 75 cents—26 miles.

Vegitation is rank in every direction and no part of the country has suffered for want of rain. We see but little cultivated land between Framingham and Springfield on the line of the rail road, and therefore cannot judge very well of the prospects of the latter harvests. But the say of the farmers is, that potatoes look worse than they have ever done these five years. Some yielding nothing, and some that yield well being more than half rotten.

Not many heavy cornfields are to be seen on this railroad route. The best are found on the banks of the Connecticut river, where land is flat and free from rocks—of course it is easily tilled. At Springfield many people are found in the depot on the arrival of the cars from Boston, and there is no small confusion of faces and steam, and bells and bellowing for luggage. One train is fixing to go to Boston, another to Albany; and a third to Hartford. Five hundred faces are quite enough to meet at one time, and I am quite glad to spare the trouble of meeting the hundred thousand last week at Albany.

The river has not the appearance of being much swollen notwithstanding the great fall of Saturday and Sunday—that is, the water is chiefly confined within the banks and the crops are seen above water. Several acres of tobacco look quite well in the field as in the mouth of the people of the towns.

At Hartford I diligently inquired for the best route to the town of Winchester, Ct., but I could scarce find a person who seemed to know in what direction I should go. All, however, seemed to agree that I must not proceed on to New Haven—so I took a seat in a car or two that was to start for the town of Bristol at 4, P.M. At Bristol I was told to take the stage eight miles to Plymouth, or as the railway people there call it, Plymouth Hollow. Here we came to a railway Station on a road leading from Bridgewater, on the Sound, to Winchester—or, as the Station is called, Winton.

After waiting one hour and a half, with nothing to eat, and no one to talk with, a car came creeping along as if afraid of blocks in the way, and after taking breath for full fifteen minutes it started towards Winton and actually arrived there at half past nine.

All we could see, during this night ride of 18 miles, was a high ridge of land west, and another high ridge east—while we were in the oblong Hollow—which all the passengers, by various odds & ends to be "Sleepy Hollow." And still I was more than five miles from my place of destination—Winchester Centre.

Farther progress for the night was now out of the question, and as it was too late for a warm supper a cold one was called for at the village near by the Station.

Couchie was ready to take three or four of us to "Massa's hotel," a term used to mean something quite above a common tavern. But terms vary, and why should we grumble when we have a decent bed and a chance to hag a coat on.

Many a poor chap cannot have that—Jenny Lind seemed to think we have no poor people here on first seeing the population of New York in their Sunday dress.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" cried king Richard in his strain. I thought of the poor king as I was marching through this little city for a barter. He had left shop and gone out of a barter. He had left shop and gone out of a barter. He had left shop and gone out of a barter. I was honest as ready to pledge as king Richard was his kingdom.

All shaved, and now for a ride five miles in a buggy, over hollow and ridge; through puddles, and over fixed rocks. But mud does not stick to one here as it does in Boston. Mud and money brush off fast, when you hire a special vehicle in the country.

THE SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE MASS. CHARITABLE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION opened at noon on Wednesday. The variety of articles is greater than ever. There is a vast collection of almost every thing that ingenuity can devise for skill to execute in the shape of goods, fancy work, tools, &c.

Faneuil Hall is Section No. 1. A patent bridge connects this with Section 2 in the West end of Quincy Hall. This Hall is divided to make four more sections, there being 6 sections in all. The exhibition will continue a fortnight or more, opening at 9 and closing at 9.

Some 5,000 are said to have visited the exhibition the first day. The number of visitors will be very large. Next week will be a very favorable time. Do not delay till the last day to secure the benefit to be derived from an examination in detail.

CATTLE SHOWS FOR 1850. The Middlesex Co. Cattle Show will be at Concord on Sept. 18th.

The Worcester Co. Cattle Show will be at Worcester on Sept. 19th.

The Plymouth Co. Cattle Show will be at Bridgewater on Sept. 25th.

The Norfolk Co. Cattle Show will be at Dedham on Sept. 25th.

The Franklin Co. Cattle Show will be at Greenfield Sept. 25th.

The Essex Co. Cattle Show will be at Salem on Sept. 26th.

The Bristol Co. Cattle Show will be at Tauton on Oct. 10th.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION. The 22nd annual exhibition will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, of next week. The Hall, in School street, will be open to the public at 3 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday the 17th inst. The Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables must have their turn. Crowds will undoubtedly attend, as usual.

PEAS. Peas are plenty and poor. In New York, on Tuesday, 75,000 bushels, of three pecks each, are reported as sold at an average of 25 cents per bushel. They are selling here from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel.

The return from the 2d District shows that the vote of Mr. Upham has increased, over the August election, 1133; that of Mr. Rantoul 1080; and that of Mr. Sewall over Mr. Pierpont 257. There is no choice and Mr. Upham, the whig candidate, lacks nearly three hundred of an election.

PHILADELPHIA. Sept. 10. The Bulletin has Washington deeply interested in the cause, which has been received by telegraph from Charleston stating that the people in that city are furious at the passage of the territorial bills. Upon receipt of the news, a public demonstration was got up, and the flag of the Union trodden under foot!

NEW ORLEANS. Sept. 8.—Golveston dates of the 3d say, that a decided disposition is manifested to accept any honorable proposition for the settlement of the boundary question. It is supposed that the Legislature will not adjourn until the fate of Pearce's bill is ascertained, unless it adjourns to reassemble on the first of December.

From China there is a very interesting report, to the effect that the emperor is about formally to tolerate Christianity in his dominions.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

HALIFAX TELEGRAPH OFFICE, Monday Morning, 10th o'clock.

The New York papers of Thursday report that the Jenny Lind Concert on Wednesday evening, was a complete triumph. The crowd outside and inside was immense. Everything passed off pleasantly. When she first appeared the house rose to receive her, and it was sometime before she was able to proceed, so great was the enthusiasm. She was attired in white satin. Casta Diva was the opening piece, and brought down thunders of applause. At the close she was called out; and after bowing her thanks, retired.

The favorites of the evening were two national songs. Her Swedish, "Herdman's Song" was singularly quaint, wild and innocent. The loud call of the cows, the joyful laugh, and the echo, as if her singing had brought the very mountains there, were extremely characteristic. This was loudly encoreed and repeated; and when again encor was answered with her "Greeting to America," the National Prize Song, written by BAYARD TAYLOR, and set to music, by BENE-DICT. We here give the words:

SONGS BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I grieve, wif a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose empire o'er shadowed Atlantic's wide breast;
And open to the sunset its gateway, f'de id;

The land of the North, where the rivers run to sea,
Where the sun of the mighty from shambles awoke;

And the stars of the mighty from shambles awoke;

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500 lb good Ohio, and 2000 lbs
is offered at this time. The corn has
been raised in the field, and there is still a
good market for it.

CONGRESSIONAL.

TEXAS BOUNDARY BILL.

We give briefly the particulars of the passage of the bill on Friday:

The Speaker announced the pending business.

On Thursday, he said, the gentleman from Texas (Mr. Howard) moved to reconsider the vote

as (Mr. Howard) had voted to postpone the bill.

He moved to postpone the bill to a third reading. The Chair at that time decided that the motion was not in order.

From this decision Mr. Howard had appealed. The Speaker adhered to his decision of Thursday.

Mr. Howard remarked that the only question was, Is this the same bill which was reconsidered on a former occasion? This was a bill to settle the boundary of Texas; the other, in addition, provide a territorial government for New Mexico, and super-seding other matter. It was not the same, but different as might from date.

The previous question was then seconded—yes, 102.

The Speaker signed the bill for the admission of California.

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The main question was ordered to be put—yes, 115, nays, 91.

The question was now on ordering the bill as amended yesterday, to the third reading. It was an exciting time, and much confusion prevailed;

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FRIDAY, Sept. 6.

In SENATE, Mr. Houston of Texas gave notice that he should, on motion, have to make a personal explanation of his difficulties with a number of the other house (Mr. Wallace). The bill for the return of the army was taken up, and passed. The bounty land bill was further debated, but without conclusion, the Senate adjourned till Monday.

IN THE HOUSE, The Post Office bill was received from the Senate, and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Ewing's report was then taken up, and Mr. Richardson of Illinois spoke in favor of the majority report, and denounced the course pursued by Mr. Vinton, the author of the minority report.

Mr. Jefferson Davis moved to refer the credentials to the Judiciary Committee to report the law, deeming it its sole duty in consequence of the unprecedented unconstitutionality of the admission of California.

Mr. Douglas objected. Mr. Davis called for ayes and nays, which were ordered.

Messrs. Butler, Turner, Mason and Berrien then spoke, and Mr. Seward moved to sustain the action of the Senate from the other house.

There was no ground for objecting to the other states, which did not apply to all other states.

Further debate ensued, and the reference was lost, 12 to 36.

Gwin and Fremont were then sworn, and drew for turns.

Mr. Fremont drew the shorter, and Mr. Gwin the longer.

Mr. Fremont gave notice of a dozen or more bills for public benefit of California.

The Bounty Land bill was then discussed without conclusion, when the bill to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia was taken up. During the debate, Mr. Seward offered a substitute, moving the complete abolition of slavery in the District. This led to excited debate, which had the effect to diminish the Southern support of the slave bill, pending which the Senate adjourned.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.

THE SENATE was not in session.

THE HOUSE resumed the report of the Select Committee against the payment by Secretary Ewing of compensation on compound interest to the administration of the Baron Claim, and the improper payment to Corcoran & Riggs, of money due the Chickasaws.

The bill to regulate the conduct of the Military Academy, as returned from the Senate, was referred to Committee of the Whole.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11. Mr. Fremont introduced bills to extend the judiciary laws over California, and to create the office of Surveyor General, and restrict Indian claims in the gold regions of that State, of which he gave notice yesterday.

The bill for the relief of the Colonization Society was passed.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Hamlin expressed himself strongly against Mr. Seward's position, and in favor of the original bill.

Mr. Vinton objected to the amendment.

The following gentlemen were elected directors—John Howe, Samuel A. Walker, John Flint, George Kuhn, William Hale, Samuel Batchelder, Southworth, [Atlas, 12th.

Mr. Vinton ruled the amendment to be in order.

Mr. Vinton appealed from the decision, and briefly argued that the amendment was not germane to the bill.

Mr. McDermid said he would not at this late date protract the debate, and moved the previous question.

Mr. Harris of Tennessee moved to lay the appeal on the table.

Question was taken and decided in the negative. Yes, 86—nays, 107.

MONDAY, Sept. 9.

IN SENATE, Mr. Douglas asked consent to take up the bill for the relief of the Colonization Society in the House amendment. Mr. Douglass said that the amendment of the House was in, Yes, 90, No, 8.

Mr. Berrien of Massachusetts, the bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to permit vessels from the British North American provinces to load and unload at such places in any collection district in the United States as he may designate, was taken up and ordered to a third reading.

After the transaction of the additional morning business,

Mr. Houston addressed the Senate for an hour and a half, giving an explanation, in reply to the Wallace letter, denying all the implied charges therein contained.

The President of the Senate signed the California and Utah bills, and the Texas and New Mexico bill, and they were sent to the President of the United States for his signature.

A message was received from the President transmitting the report of the late Commissioner to China.

The following message was also received from the President of the United States—the Senate—

In compliance with the request of the Hon. Martin Alvarado, Acting Governor, &c., I have the honor to transmit to the Senate herewith a copy of the Constitution recently adopted by the inhabitants of New Mexico, together with a digest of the votes for and against it. Congress having just passed a bill providing a Territorial Government for New Mexico, I do not deem it advisable to submit any recommendation on the subject of a state Government."

MILLARD FILMORE.

THE HOUSE, Mr. Harris of Tennessee asked leave to offer a resolution that the two Houses be adjourned sine die on the 21st of September.

Mr. Vinton knew that gentlemen are anxious to go home, but what excuse can they have if they leave the public business unfinished. The important bills have not passed into laws. The

civil and diplomatic bill has not been touched by the Senate. Nearly two thirds of the bills have been approved. There is the Fugitive Slave bill, the River and Harbor, the Army and Navy bills, and others of importance. Every one knows that at a short session but little can be done, and to postpone the bills is to leave them unopened for two years.

Mr. Bayly said but five of the Appropriation bills have passed the House. Several have been returned from the Senate with amendments, which will have to be considered. If the House act blindfold on the bills, without any consideration, it would get through in less than six or eight days.

Under the operation of the previous question the amendment fixing this day three weeks for adjournment was agreed to—Yea 104, Nays 85.

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Mr. Kaufman asked but did not obtain leave to discharge the Committee of the Whole from the consideration of the bill to incorporate the officers of the late Texas Navy into the Navy of the United States, and that the bill be put on its passage.

The main question was ordered to be put—yes, 115, nays, 91.

The question was now on ordering the bill as amended yesterday, to the third reading. It was an exciting time, and much confusion prevailed;

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When the Clerk commenced calling the roll, noise ceased, and seldom have we known so much quiet as then. The roll call concluded, there was a movement all over the Hall. Votes were changed, and every man who should have voted for the cause vacated. When Mr. Howard of Texas called, and the "aye" applause was commenced, but was silenced promptly by the Speaker.

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The Speaker signed the Utah and New Mexico Boundary bill.

Mr. Kaufman asked but did not obtain leave to discharge the Committee of the Whole from the consideration of the bill to incorporate the officers of the late Texas Navy into the Navy of the United States, and that the bill be put on its passage.

The main question was ordered to be put—yes, 115, nays, 91.

The question was now on ordering the bill as amended yesterday, to the third reading. It was an exciting time, and much confusion prevailed;

the galleries and lobbies were filled with anxious spectators.

When the Clerk commenced calling the roll, noise ceased, and seldom have we known so much quiet as then. The roll call concluded, there was a movement all over the Hall. Votes were changed, and every man who should have voted for the cause vacated. When Mr. Howard of Texas called, and the "aye" applause was commenced, but was silenced promptly by the Speaker.

THE POET'S CORNER.

NECROMANCY OF THE PAST.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Fruits seem sweeter when the season
Of their flavoring is o'er;
Prices are fall'd, and the cost,
But still we may see them more.

Off with an orchard, swelling—
With red, fragrant apples, I—

Languish for that India dwelt;

Where my eager soul went by;

Languish for the mangoes golden—
Sweet guavas, pink and green;

Or pomegranates, inward holding—
Crimson, like the store;

Pearws, in the sunshiny bloom—
Clustering thick 'neath foliage boughs;

Plantains, primrose-head and yellow—
Tamarisks that shroud the road;

Custard-apples, white and milky;

With a load most like their names—
Sweet rose-apples, odorous, silky,

On a tree of purple, purple bunches;

Furred lips with tropic glow;

And such flowers as new duchesses;

'Neath the Northern Flor's eyes'

Therefore pine the things we have not—
Thus above what we possess?

These were mine, yet there they go!

To the mind contentless!

In those days, I do remember;

How I longed for British land;

The very sons of December

Warmed 'neath fiery's genial hand;

Cowslips from the hillside down,

More I prized than brightest posies;

Gleamed 'neath skies of cloudless blue!

When the linden's perfumed blossoms

Swing their god-like leaves near,

I thought of you, my own;

Love with pink and violet doors;

And the carambora, white and fragrant;

Twined 'mid herbs as black as night;

Second to fancy's dreams vagrant;

Neither half so sweet or bright;

As the snowy lilies, treasured;

In a sun early summer'd day;

Ah! how seldom things are measured

Justly, till they're away!

For the stooping lily bows;

Brooks the present, wronging;

With complaint's incense bay;

We but throw about the future;

Shadows, sure to hem when all

Echo's sweetest song are muted;

Then lone Silence in her hall!

Why is this? Why place such value

On life's vain-squared gold?

Why, when great wealth is won,

Turn to us mere trash and cast?

Why, in some evening's shadow round us,

Paint the fields of earth no more;

Scorn the wreaths that may have crowned us

For the thorns within their core?

Subtleties of the affection;

We may question, eye, in vain,

Making still our heart-elect;

'Gainst decisions, we can;

God is still to us tugs and feelings;

And to regulate their choice;

We must look for such revenges;

As His will alone employs!

That's the reason of reason;

As study taught by men,

Are like sudden schemes of treason;

Planned within a lion's den;

One fierce, passionate experience

Provokes his fallacies are crushed;

Just as traitor-tongues, at variance;

'Neath the sun's noonday blinding bodes;

Love, and joy, and innocent likings;

Here their love for hearts, not heads;

The spider web of metaphysics;

Honest feeling tears to shred!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE DISASTERS OF A MAN WHO WOULDN'T TRUST HIS WIFE.

A TALE OF A TAILOR.

BY WM. HOWITT.

There is a multitude of places in this wide world, that we never heard of since the day of creation, and that never would have become known to a soul beyond their own ten miles of circumference, except to these universal discoverers, the tax-gatherers, were it not that some sparks of genius may suddenly kindle there, and carry their flame through all countries and all generations. This has been the case many times, and will be the case again. We are now destined to hear the sound of names that we never dreamed of, and there other spots, now basking in the sun, of which the world knew not, and cares nothing, that shall, to our children, become places of worship, and pilgrimage. Something of this sort of glory was cast upon the little town of Rappo, in Bohemia, where the hero whose name stands conspicuously in this article, and whose pleasant adventures I flatter myself that I am destined to diffuse still further. Hans Nadelreiter was the son of Mr. Strauss Nadelreiter, who had, as well as his ancestors before him, for six generations, practised, in the same little place, that most genteelly of all professions—a tailor—seeing that it was before all others, and was used and sanctioned by our father Adam.

Hans, from boyhood up, was a remarkable person. His father had known his share of troubles, and having two sons, both older than Hans, naturally looked in his old age to reap some comfort and assistance from their united labors. But the two elder sons successively had fled from the shop-board. One had gone to America, and was shot; and the other, after the craft of a weaver, still being too fond of his pot-hat, broken his neck by falling into a quarry, as he went home one night from a carousal. Hans was left the sole staff for the old man to lean upon; and truly a worthy son he proved himself. He was as gentle as a dove, and as tender as a lamb. A cross word from his father, when he had made a cross stitch, would almost break his heart; but half a word of kindness revived him again—and he seldom went long without it; for the old man, though rendered rather testy and crabbed in his temper, by his many troubles and disappointments, was still, in a living, compassionate disposition, and, moreover, regarded Hans as the apple of his eye.

Hans was of a remarkable light, slender, active make, full of life and mettle. This moment he was on the board, stitching away for a funeral or a wedding, at an hour's notice; the next, he was despatching his dinner at the same rate; and the third behind him running, leaping and playing, among his apprentices, as a young bull. If he had a fault, it was being too fond of his fiddle. This was his everlasting delight. One would have thought that his elbow had labor enough with jerking his needle some thirty thousand times a day; but it was him a sort of universal joint—it never seemed to know what weariness was. His fiddle stood always on the board in a corner by him, and no sooner had he ceased to brandish his needle, than he began to brandish his fiddle. As if he had not been born to play on it. This was his everlasting delight.

"Well, that I could have thought," said Hans, "when he came to stock, and make an inventory—in his head—of what he was worth, it was by no means such as to endanger his entrance into heaven at the proper time. Naturally enough, he thought of the Scripture simile of the rich man, and the camel getting through the eye of a needle; but it did not frighten him. His father never had much forehand, when he had the whole place for himself; and now, be-

hold! another knight of the steel-bar had come from—nobody knew where—a place often talked of, yet still a *terra incognita*; had taken a great house opposite, hoisted a tremendous sign, and threatened to carry away every shred of Hans's business.

In the depth of his trouble, he took to his fiddle, from his fiddling his bed, and in his bed he had a dream—thought we had done with these dreams—in which he was assured, that could be once over the sum of fifty dollars, he should be the seed of a fortune: so he should flourish beyond the scale of old Strauss; should drive him, in utter despair, from the ground; and should, in short, arrive eventually at no less a dignity than—Bürgermeister of Rappo!

Hans, as I believe I have said, soon set up with the smallest signs of enterprise. Work was, however, slow and nimbly; and his trade, and in his whole species, made such an animal, could it be made to stand on end. His dream, therefore, was enough. He vowed a vow of unconquerable might, and to it he went. Springing upon his board, he hummed a tune gayly:

There came the Hippopotamus,
A sort of hippo-horn,
Screaming, a-shouting, blowing water
From his nostrils, and his tail;

Grasping on the grass—confound him!
Every mouthful a huge slaughter!

Beetle, grasshopper, and Mayfly,
From his mouth many a fly goes by;
Or who sees them then by legions;
His huge foot, it was a pillar!

When he slipped away in slippers :

But the grasshoppers sat on his tail,
With their wings, and stings, and snappers;
Beetle, and wasp, and hornet, awful,
Gave him a scaring!

The he slipped away in slippers :

"Hans! ha!—slipped down into the mud that he emerged from," cried Hans, and, seizing his fiddle, dashed off the Hippopotamus in a style that did him a world of good, and makes us wish that we had the musical notes of it. Then he fell to, and day and night he wrought. Work came—it was done. He wanted little—a crust of bread and a merry tune were enough for him. His money grew: the sum was nearly completed when he returned to his old master, and his master, who had held his door, held his door open. Held off! the lid of his pot where he deposited his treasure was gone! The money was gone!

This was a terrible blow. Hans raised a vast commotion; he did not even fail to insinuate that it might be the interloper opposite—the Hippopotamus. Who so like as he, who had his eye continually on Hans's door? But no master, the thief was clear off—and the only comfort he got from his neighbors, was being rated for his stinginess. "Ay," said they, "this comes of living like a curmudgeon, in a great house by yourself." What must a young man like you do with scraping tip pots full of money, like a miser?" It is a shame, it is a sin, it is a judgment. Nothing better could come of it. At all events, he might afford to have a light burning in the house. People are ever likely to rob you; they see nobody in a house as dark as an oven; they see nobody in it, they go in and steal, nobody can see them come out—and that is just it. But there were a light burning, they would always think there was somebody in. At all events, you might have a light burning.

There is something in that," said Hans; he was not at all unreasonable, so he determined to have a light in future—and he fell to work again. Bad as his luck had been, he resolved not to be cast down; and as thrif as he was, he resolved, when he became Bürgermeister of Rappo, to be especially severe on sneaking thieves, who crept into houses that were left to the care of Providence and the municipal authorities. A light was everlasting burning in the window; and the people, as they passed in the morning, said—"This man must have a good business the requires him to be up the stairs." And so it was, and so it remained.

One of these tubs, Hans conceived the singular design of depositing his future treasures. "No body will meddle with them," he thought, so accordingly, from week to week, he concealed one of them in his acquisitions. It had gone on a long time. He had been out one day, collecting some of his debts; and his wife was completely disengaged in some business at such a passing hour, he had not even time to have a moment of remorse for her disobedience. Nevertheless, they reached home; things began gradually to assume a more composed aspect. Hans loved his wife; she loved him; he was industrious, he resolved to mount his shop-board—there he mounted, and brought him continued good, could he continue to keep it.

Hans's wife, I said, came from the mountains; she, therefore, liked the sight 't trees. Now, in Hans's back-yard there was neither tree nor turf, so she got some tubs, and in them she planted a variety of fir-trees, which made a pleasant appearance, and gave a help to her in the course of her work. They were dead, and are "one death"; persons dead, and are "one death"; persons dead, and body and mind. While the cheerful minded man or woman, with "cheerful looks," rejuvenates and fortifies the mind of all, and fills the soul of the sick and desponding, courage, courage!

A cheerful minded physician, who can inspire them with a firm faith and hope of recovery, and administrators nothing but "bread and cheese," is to be preferred, nine cases out of ten, to the physician of gloomy misgivings, of solemn countenance, and the gloom of his office.

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